

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850.

NUMBER 15.

TABLES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MYSTERIOUS POST OFFICE.

BY MRS. LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

In the heart of a sweet little valley of the granite state—surrounded on all sides by craggy hills and snow-capt mountains, lies a lovely lake, that like a mighty mirror, glitters in the sunbeams as the day-king smiles upon its bright surface; and at night, even the stars seem to leave the upper world to gem its beautiful bosom, while the drooping willows fringe the flowery margin like a broad frame of living enamel.

This lovely sheet of water bears the unromantic name of "Shaker-pond," from the circumstance of its being in close proximity to a village of that "holy fraternity"; whose house of worship is situated upon an eminence commanding a view of its entire extent;—and often upon its placid bosom glides the tiny boat of some young "brother," laden with the fragrant lily, which, perchance is destined to grace the simple toilette of some fair young "sister;—" not that the prudent "elders" were wont to sanction such worldly proceedings;—we only know that although the broad-brims whispered not of the flowers concealed within the low unpresuming crown, yet sometimes would the long unruly stems betray the meek-eyed maiden, and tell of the sweet bud that was nestling in her bosom.

Alas! vainly preached those sage elders against the pride of life;—vainly strove the leading sisters to arm their young virgins against the "World, the Flesh, and the Devil;" for eyes that seldom met, often spoke volumes at a glance, and lips forbidden to whisper of love, would—sometimes meet in sweet silence; 'till the rebellious lovers were "spirited away" by the "blind god," much to the chagrin of the holy community who feared pollution from the atmosphere inhaled by the fallen—lost children of the world.

"Ah!—flesh! flesh!" exclaimed the immaculate sisterhood.

"Ah! sons of Satan—how prone to taste forbidden joys;" groaned the grim elders of the band; as they, from their unpolluted sanctuary proclaimed lessons of wisdom, in the name of their "holy mother," (Ann Lee) to the assembled worldlings who came to witness the solemn worship of the sacred dance.—To one witnessing the performance of Shaker worship for the first time, the

scene is both solemn and imposing. Ridiculous as it may appear from description, those who may attend for the purpose of making sport, (as we fear too many do,) will find their propensity to mirth suddenly arrested, as they behold for the first time that great congregation of animated ghosts—for certainly, to nothing earthly can be compared—at least, the female portion of that community; whose marble complexions, immovable features, and inexpressive countenances—combined with their shroud-like robes of spotless white—close caps, invented for the purpose of deforming beauty, rather than for beautifying deformity;—thus solemn chants, odd gestures, and unearthly music; certainly tend to remind one of the midnight revels of a goblin court rather than the simple and sincere worship of the true god.

The Shaker village of E——, which is situated upon the eastern bank of the lake presented a most beautiful aspect, when viewed from the water, or from the granite hills that surrounded it on all sides, as if to secure that peaceful community from the noise and strife of the tumultuous world, of which they stand in so much dread.

Their neat pale-yellow buildings, surrounded by tasteful gardens and grounds, gravel-walks edged with box and flowers;—shade trees, rearing their well-craped brows in true Shaker dignity, as if frowning upon the "gentile" forests whose wild and artless boughs wave upon the adjacent hills in a state of barbarous nature, and their smooth green lawns extending even to the water's edge where small boats are tied here, and there, as if inviting the broad-brimmed brethren to an hour's innocent amusement upon the bosom of the lake.

Among this community might be found, not only the young, who though unacquainted with the wiles of the wicked "world" often sigh to taste its forbidden joys;—but also the middle-aged who have become weary with the pleasures of earth, and disgusted with mankind at large, and have sought for peace and seclusion in the communion of the "holy fraternity." Others, crushed by grief and disappointment, or blighted hopes, have there sought concealment, or oblivion, and a few, perchance—repentance, and its ultimate reward.

A little apart from the village stood one dark, antiquated building which though belonging to the family of Shakers appeared to claim no fellowship with the regular, neatly constructed houses of the village.

Though years have elapsed since I last beheld that strange old gable-roofed dwelling, half hid in the vines and shrubbery that surrounded it;—yet

does it seem but as yesterday that I (then a child) hung upon the old worm-eaten railing of the porch that overlooked the waters of the lake, and listened with childish awe and interest to the tales and traditions of "Aunt Lois," as I was wont to call the old shakeress, who, with another aged "sister" dwelt alone in that gloomy old building; and whom I was delighted to visit whenever I could obtain a holiday; and never did a happier smile radiate her time-marked features than when she welcomed me to her lonely abode.

One sultry afternoon in midsummer, taking advantage of Saturday's brief respite from the restraints of school, I obtained permission to go and spend a few hours with the kind old Shakeresses.

Eager to bring a glow of pleasure upon her sad countenance I sought the grove upon the borders of the lake, there to gather a nosegay of wild flowers as an offering to the old lady whom I had learned to regard with mingled emotions of reverence, love, and awe.

I had gathered my flowers (which though not of the most choice varieties were nevertheless beautiful in my estimation) and was searching for a long spire of grass with which to bind them, when the sound of plashing oars arrested my attention.

Upon looking up, I beheld a young man just stepping from the boat, which he carelessly fastened to a willow twig upon the water's brink, after which, he glanced cautiously around as if fearful of observation—then stepped quickly beneath the shadow of a spreading willow, whose drooping boughs kissed the bright waters below, and without perceiving me he raised a flat stone which lay at the root of the tree and taking something from the crown of his broad-brimmed hat, he placed it beneath the stone which dropped again into its former position. With one bound he gained his seat in the boat which darted like a sea-bird over the water in the direction of the Shaker meeting house, and I saw it no more.

Prompted by the fatal propensity of mother Eve, I glided from my covert beneath a shrub of wild-hazell, and hid to the spot where I had seen him make the mysterious deposit, and upon raising the stone I beheld a letter, bearing the simple address of "Mary."

My curiosity gratified, I crept back like a guilty one, and without a second glance, made a speedy retreat, soon finding myself at the dilapidated gate of old "Aunt Lois."

As usual, I found her seated in her old arm-

chair, beneath the vine-clad verandah, that commanded a lovely view of the lake, and distant mountains, whose snow-capt summits were buried in the clouds—engaged in knitting—her constant employment, for among that industrious community the old and young are kept constantly employed, and should any one join them thinking to spend a life of leisure—methinks they would find their expectations sadly disappointed.

"Welcome!—welcome! little friend," kindly greeted the old lady, as she pressed my hand in her own trembling fingers, "tis a long time since thee hast called on me—I hope thee and thine have been quite well?"

I assured her of my health, at the same time presenting my flowers.

"Ah!—thank thee—thank thee child;—who but thyself would be so mindful of poor old Lois?—ah! thank thee—thank thee, Luey."

"No sooner had the ceremony of reception passed, than (child-like) I related my wonderful adventure, and revealed the exact situation of the mysterious letter-box, and I could not but observe the deep interest with which she listened to my story.

"The name?—child:—didst thee mind the address?"

"Mary—" I answered, "only Mary."

"Ah! the sly rogues!—well, 'tis a sinful world, a day of dark deeds—but—but I too have been young." A deep sigh accompanied these (to me) strange words.

"Do you know any among the sisters by that name?" I asked.

Oh! yea, many, there is one whom the world might call beautiful—red cheeks—heaven-blue eyes;—ah! a snare! a snare!" Here the old lady paused apparently in deep thought, and I began to think I had done wrong to speak of what I had seen, to her—but it could not now, be recalled.

"You left the letter as you found it?—child."

"Certainly—I had no right even to look at it you know," and my cheeks burned with conscious guilt as I spoke.

"True—true—but the elders would fain be in the secret," she murmured, as if to herself "but old Lois is no informer—hark ye, Luey, say nothing of all this to sister Judy;—only trouble would come of it—and surely thee would not wish to be the cause of sorrow and tears?"

"No—no, aunt Lois—let us say no more about it, I did wrong to reveal the secret of another; but what of the pretty Mary?—was she born among the Shakers?"

Aunt Lois looked up from under a huge pair of spectacles, and a queer smile flitted across her aged features, as she replied,

"Nay, nay child—here is a sad story, but thou art too young to hear it."

'Tis strange that one so pretty should wish to join the Shakers."

"Why? Luey?"

"Oh! because—I am sure any face but your own, aunt Lois, would look plain under a Shaker cap." Again, the old lady smiled, and patting my cheek replied,

"Her mother was dead—Mary was placed here by her step-father under pretence of uniting with us himself, but instead of so doing he has proved himself a child of the evil one, by marrying again."

"Do you think it so very wicked to marry—sunt Lois."

"Yea, child—so we are taught to believe."

"Why?—does not the Bible say that it is right?"

"Ay—it may be lawful—but come and live with us Luey, and the teacher will explain it all to thee. Among our holy community there is no marrying, or giving in marriage."

Our pleasant *tete-a-tete* was here interrupted by the appearance of "sister Judy"—a strict member of the sisterhood who seldom deigned to converse with children, hence I felt constrained to draw my visit to a close—not however without a pressing invitation to renew it, and a liberal supply of fruits and flowers from the kind hand of old aunt Lois.

It was on a bright sabbath morning in Oct. 183—(a few months prior to the above narrated adventure) that a company of young people proposed attending as spectators the Shaker-meeting at E—village.

Among the number was Henry H—, a medical student of Dartmouth;—a rare specimen where any species of amusement was on the tapis, and seldom second among his class-mates, either at recitation, or at college pranks. Although a reputed rogue, he was a scholar and a gentleman. To him, the Shaker worship was no novelty, neither did he resort thither on that eventful morning for the sake of amusement, but solely to gratify some friends who were desirous of his company.

As the congregation flocked in two by two, with quick, but measured step, not unlike a military band—the males entering the left-hand door, and the females the right, among the latter, appeared one, whose light step and graceful carriage bespoke her recent initiation into the mysteries of the holy order. Indeed, it was easy to perceive by every motion, that though among them, she was not of them.

Her shapeless dress could not entirely disguise her full, rounded form, and though every hair was concealed beneath the close, unbecoming cap, yet the young rose bloomed upon her cheek, and the lily upon her brow, and when her cherry lips joined the choir, her bird-like voice was drowned in the unearthly chorus—like the music of an Æolian harp, in accompaniment with the wintry winds.

In vain she essayed to keep her bright blue eyes under the shadow of their long jetty lashes—rove they would, to the right and the left—till as luck would have it, they unwittingly encountered the black, love-glancing orbs, of our friend Harry, who occupied a front seat among the spectators.

Strange as it might appear, the crimson tide rushed to her cheek, rendering her bright face a beautiful contrast to the pallid—corpse-like features of the sisterhood.

Again, and again, the circle moved round in the sacred dance—again, and again, the graceful form of the blushing damsel glided by, but only once were those soul-beaming eyes raised from the floor—once only, could Henry win a glance, and then apparently, more from accident, than design. As for the brethren and sisters, they were apparently wholly absorbed in their devotions—having neither time, nor inclination to look about them;—indeed so accustomed do they become to that vacant—

soulless gaze, that it is seldom they are known to transgress, by bestowing a glance upon the "sons of the World."

The dance was ended; and the sage elder came forth and took his stand upon the floor; not to address his own people ah! no they are *spotless—holy*; but to warn the world's people;—the burden of his discourse, being the sin of wedlock, and the hopeless state of such as should neglect to join their holy order.

From that day Henry H—, was an altered person. A change had come over him to all perceptible, but comprehended by none, until came the astounding information that he had "joined the Shakers." "Can it be possible?" exclaimed every voice; "impossible," was re-echoed from the college walls—but so it proved, and the grim elder who officiated on that eventful day gloried in his eloquence, firmly believing himself the honored instrument of bringing that wild young student from the evil world, into their sacred community.

Upon the following sabbath scores flocked to the meeting, to witness with their eyes, what their ears refused to credit. Ah! there, indeed, they beheld their late companion, with his glossy black hair cut square across his broad, white forehead—his bright black eyes, that had so often played the mischief with the girls, fixed, immovably upon—nothing and his long gray coat closely buttoned to the chin—now guiltless of moustache or imperial, and his broad-toed—high-heeled, shoes beating time to their soul-harrowing music.

There too was the blue eyed damsel—but a shadow rested upon her pure brow, and her cheek was a shade paler than before.

In vain the class-mates of Harry, watched every opportunity to catch his eye, as he passed them again, and again in the "circular dance"—indeed he appeared to be wholly unconscious of their presence, and they were compelled to retire without even a glance of recognition.

Weeks glided by—and their new member was all they could desire—devout, sedate, and industrious. He neither complained of their regulations nor worried them by looking at the sisters.

Months rolled on, and he became the established teacher in their school, true, he was said to teach some things which the elders thought quite unnecessary, and when reprov'd for so doing, he was all sorrow and contrition, promising not to repeat the lesson—which, in fact was quite unnecessary, as he took good care to give a strong impression upon the first attempt. Before a year had elapsed—on account of his zeal in their cause, honesty and integrity, he was appointed *treasurer* of their society—that office having been vacated by the death of an aged brother who had held that trust long and faithfully.

One would be led to conjecture that friend Harry had now attained an enviable position in that respectable community—dear reader, so, indeed, he had.

Again it was Sabbath morning, the people were assembled as usual for public worship; our good friend Harry was among them, so also, was the blue-eyed damsel—the pretty Mary—much of the color had forsaken her cheeks, but the sweet dimples still remained. The graceless kerchief was pinned as primly as ever, but a light hopeful young heart was beating beneath its snowy folds. Ah! she was lovely—very lovely, even in that odious

garb, so thought Harry, as he saw her wipe the perspiration from her pale brow, and pass out at the back door for a breath of fresh air, as is customary with the sisters during the hours of worship.

Harry too, stepped out at the left hand door—but what might have appeared strange, had it been remarked—neither of them returned.

Their absence, however was soon discovered, but alas! too late—lost, beyond the hope of recovery was their young sister—hopeful brother—and what was more than all to be regretted—a large amount of money, which had but lately been cast into the treasury of the society. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the pair had stepped into a chaise, which Harry had recognized as belonging to an old friend, and upon arriving at the next village, had procured the prompt attendance of a magistrate, and were united in lawful wedlock. A change of apparel was afterwards procured (for Harry had taken ample remuneration for his arduous labors among them, and consequently was not without funds, as might have been the case under different circumstances.) If Harry thought the pretty Mary, worth so much trouble, in her Shaker garb, what must have been his admiration on beholding her for the first time in the flowing robes of her bridal-day, with her bright chestnut hair falling in a shower of shining curls over a neck of snowy whiteness, as if in mockery of his own close-clipped locks, which had fallen a sacrifice at the shrine of beauty; and her saucy eyes which she had never before dared to raise to his own, now beaming with happiness—now glittering with tears now dropping timidly beneath their long jetty lashes, as they meet the admiring glances of those melting orbs, that are so eloquent, with the language of the soul!

In justice to friend Harry, we must add that the borrowed chaise, was duly returned, with many thanks—but the person to whom he was most indebted, we fear, was not remembered, viz. old Aunt Lois, to whom at least, his acknowledgements were due, for keeping the secret of the mysterious Post Office.

Hudson, April, 1850.

COTTON NIGHT-CAPS. AND TURKISH JUSTICE.

About twenty years ago, according to M. Dumas, under the reign of a former Bey, a ship, bound from Marseilles to Gibraltar, with a cargo of cotton night-caps, was driven by a gale into Tunis Roads. At that period a duty was levied on vessels availing themselves of the port of Tunis; and this duty, depending on the caprice of the Raiamarsa, or captain of the port, was very arbitrary. The Marseilles captain was naturally subjected to this impost; still more naturally the Raiamarsa fixed it at an exorbitant sum. There was, however, no alternative but to pay; the unlucky speculator in nightcaps lay beneath the paw of the lion. With the loss of part of his skin, he slipped between the beast's claws, and ran to throw himself at the feet of the Bey. The Bey hearkened to the complaint of the Giaour. When he had heard it, and had satisfied himself that the amount of extortion had been rightly stated by its victim, he said;—

"Do you desire Turkish justice or French justice?"

After long reflection, the Marseillaise, with a confidence that did honor to the legislation of his native land, replied:—

"French justice."

"'Tis good," replied the Bey; return to thy ship and wait."

The seamen kissed his highness's papooshes, returned to his ship, and waited. He waited one month, two months, three months. At the end of the third month, finding the time rather long, he went ashore, and watched for the Bey to pass by. The Bey appeared; the captain threw himself at his feet.

"Highness," said he, "you have forgotten me?"

"By no means," replied the Bey; "you are the captain of the French ship who complained to me of the Raiamarsa?"

"And to whom you promised justice?"

"Yes; but French justice."

"Certainly."

"Well, of what do you now complain?"

"Of having waited three months for it."

"Listen," said the Bey. "Three years ago your consul treated me with disrespect; I complained to your king, claiming justice at his hands, and three years have I waited for it; come back in three years, and we will see."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the captain, who began to understand; "and is there no means of abridging the delay, your highness?"

"You asked for French justice."

"But if I had asked for Turkish justice."

"That were different; it had been done you on the instant."

"Is it too late to change my mind?"

"It is never too late to do wisely."

"Turkish justice, then, highness—grant me Turkish justice!"

"'Tis good. Follow me."

The captain kissed the Bey's papooshes, and followed him to his palace. Arrived there, "How much did the Raiamarsa exact from you?" inquired the Bey.

"Fifteen hundred francs."

"And you consider that sum too large?"

"Highness, such is my humble opinion."

"Too large by how much?"

"By at least two thirds."

"'Tis just; here are fifteen hundred piastres, making exactly a thousand francs."

"Highness," said the captain, "you are the balance of divine justice," and he kissed the papooshes of the Bey, and was about to depart. The Bey stopped him.

"Have you no other claim to prefer?" he said.

"One I certainly have, highness, but I dare not."

"Dare, and speak."

"It seems to me that I deserve compensation for the time I have lost, whilst awaiting the memorable decision your highness has just pronounced."

"'Tis just."

"The rather," continued the captain, emboldened by the Bey's approbation, "that I was expected at Gibraltar in the beginning of the winter, which is now over, and the favorable season for the sale of my cargo is past."

"And of what does thy cargo consist?" demanded the Bey.

"Highness, of cotton night-caps."

"What are cotton night-caps?"

The captain took from his pocket a specimen of his goods, and presented it to the Bey.

"For what purpose is this utensil?" said the latter.

"To cover the head," replied the captain. And joining example to precept, he put on the night-cap.

"It is very ugly," quoth the Bey.

"But very comfortable," retorted the captain.

"And you say that my delay to do you justice has occasioned you a loss?"

"Of ten thousand francs, at least highness."

The Bey called his secretary. The secretary entered, crossed his hands upon his breast, and bowed to the ground. Then he took his pen, and the Bey dictated to him a few lines, which, being in Arabic, were totally unintelligible to the captain. When the secretary had done writing, "'Tis good," said the Bey; "let this decree be proclaimed throughout the city." Again the secretary crossed his hands upon his breast, bent himself to the earth, and departed.

"Craving your highness's pardon," said the captain, "may I venture to inquire the substance of that decree?"

"Certainly; it is an order to all the Jews in Tunis to cover their heads, within twenty-four hours from this time, with a cotton nightcap, under penalty of decapitation."

"Ah! *tron de l'air*!" exclaimed the Marseillaise; "I understand."

"Then if you understand, return to your ship, and make the best profit you can of your goods; you will soon have customers." The captain threw himself at the feet of the Bey, kissed his papooshes and returned to his ship. Meanwhile, by sound of trumpet, and in all the streets of Tunis, the following proclamation was made:—

"Praises to Allah, the universal, to whom all things return!

"The slave of Allah glorified, who implores his pardon and absolution, the Mouchir Sidi-Hussein-Pacha, Bey of Tunis:

"Forbids every Jew, Israelite, or Nazarene, to appear in the streets of Tunis without a cotton nightcap upon his accursed and infidel head.

"This, under pain of decapitation.

"Giving to the unbelievers twenty-four hours to provide themselves with the said covering.

"To this order all obedience is due.

"Written under date of the 20th April, in the year 1243 of the Hegira.

(Signed,)

"SIDI HUSSEIN."

You may fancy the sensation excited in Tunis by such a proclamation as this. The twenty-five thousand Jews who compose the Israelite population of the city looked aghast, and asked each other what was this eighth plague which thus descended upon the people chosen of the Lord. The most learned Rabbis were appealed to, but not one of them had a clear notion of what a cotton nightcap was. At last a *Gourai*—it is thus the Leghorn Jews are named—remembered to have once seen the crew of a Norman ship enter that port with the head-dress in question. It was something to know the article required; the next thing to be ascertained was where it could be procured. Twelve thousand cotton nightcaps are not to be picked up at every street corner. The men wrung their

hands, the women tore their hair, the children ate the dust upon the highway. Just when the cries of anguish were most piercing, and the desolation at its climax, a report spread through the multitude. It said that a ship laden with cotton night-caps was then in the port. Inquiry was made.—It was, said rumor, a three-master from Marseilles. The question was, would there be enough? Were there twelve thousand of them—a cotton nightcap for everybody? There was a rush to the water-side; in an instant a flotilla of boats, crowded almost to sinking, covered the lake, and it was a hot race out to the roads. At the Goulette there was fouling, and four or five boats were capsized; but as there are but four feet of water in the lake of Tunis, nobody was drowned. They cleared the narrow passage, and approached the good ship *Notre Dame de la Garde*, whose captain was upon deck expecting their arrival. Through his telescope he had beheld the embarkation, the race, the accidents—everything in short. In less than ten minutes three hundred boats surrounded his vessel, and twelve thousand throats vociferated—“Cotton nightcaps! cotton nightcaps!” The captain signed with his hand for silence, and the noisy mob were mute as mice.

“You want cotton nightcaps?” said he.

“Yes! yes!” was the reply on every side.

“All very well,” said the captain: “but you are aware, gentlemen, that cotton nightcaps are just now in great request. My letters from Europe advise a rise in the article.”

“We know that,” said the same voices—“we know that, and we will make a sacrifice.”

“Listen to me,” said the captain; “I am an honest man.”

The Jews trembled. The captain’s words were their invariable exordium when about to rob a Christian.

“I will not take advantage of your position to impose upon you.”

The Jews turned pale.

“The cotton night-caps cost me two francs apiece, one with the other.”

“Vel it ish not too dear,” muttered the Jews in their beards.

“I will be satisfied with a hundred per cent profit,” continued the captain.

“Hosannah!” cried the Jews.

“At four francs a-piece, cotton night-caps!” said the captain and twelve thousand hands were extended. “Order!” he continued; “come up on the larboard side, and go down on the starboard. Every Jew crossed the vessel in turn, carried away a night-cap, and left four francs. The captain’s receipts were forty-eight-thousand francs, whereof thirty-six thousand were clear profit. The twelve thousand Jews returned to Tunis, every man plus a cotton night-cap, and minus four francs:

The next day the captain presented himself at the palace of the Bey, at whose feet he prostrated himself, and kissed his papooshes.

“Well?” said the Bey.

“Your highness,” said the captain, “I come to thank you.”

“You are satisfied?”

“Delighted.”

“And you prefer Turkish justice to French justice?”

“There is no comparison between them.”

“This is not all,” said the Bey. And turning

to his secretary, he bade him take his pen, and write at his dictation. The writing was a second decree, forbidding the Jews, under pain or death, to appear in the street of Tunis with cotton night-caps on their heads, and granting them twenty-four hours to dispose of their recent purchases as advantageously as possible.

“Do you understand?” said the Bey to the captain.

“Oh, highness!” cried the Marseillaise in an ecstasy of delight, “you are the greatest of Beys, past, present and to come.”

“Return to your vessel, and wait.”

Half an hour later, the trumpets sounded in the streets of Tunis, and the town’s people thronged to the unusual summons. Amongst the listeners the Jews were easily recognized by their triumphant air, and by their cotton night-caps cooked over one ear. The decree was read in a loud and intelligible voice. The Jews’ first impulse was to throw the night-caps into the fire. On reflection, however, the head of the synagogue saw that twenty-four hours were allowed to get rid of the prescribed articles. The Jews is essentially a calculating animal. The Jews of Tunis calculated that it was better to lose one half, or even three-quarters, than to lose the whole. Having twenty-four hours to turn in, they began by driving a bargain with the boatmen, who, on the previous occasion, had abused their haste, and overcharged them. Two hours later, the French ship was again surrounded by boats.

“Captain! captain!” cried twelve thousand voices. “Cotton night-caps to shell! cotton night-caps to shell!”

“Pooh!” said the captain.

“Captain, itch a bargain; captain, you shall have them cheap.”

“I have received a letter from Europe,” said the captain.

“Vell! vell!”

“It advises a great fall in cotton night-caps.”

“Captain, we will looche upon them.”

“So be it,” said the captain. “I can only give you half price.”

“We will take it.”

“I bought them at two francs. Let those who will give them for one come on board by the starboard gangway, and depart by the larboard.”

“Oh, captain!”

“Its to take or to leave, as you like.”

“Captain!”

“All hands to make sail!” shouted the captain.

“Vat are you doing, captain? vat are you doing?”

“Lifting my anchor, to be sure.”

“Ah now, captain, can’t you shay two francs?”

The captain continued to give orders for sailing.

“Vell, captain, we must shay thirty sons.”

The mainsail expanded its folds, and the captain began to creak.

“Captain, captain! we will take your franc!”

“Stop,” cried the captain.

One by one the Jews ascended the star-board side, and descended to larboard, leaving their cotton night-caps, and receiving a franc apiece. For a miserable three francs they had twice saved their heads: it was not dear. As to the captain, he had got back his goods, and made a clear profit of thirty-six thousand francs. As he was a man who

knew how to behave, he put eighteen thousand francs in his boat, went ashore, and presented himself before the Bey, at whose feet he again prostrated himself, and whose papooshes he once more kissed.

“I come to present my humble thanks to your highness.”

“Are you-satisfied?”

“Overjoyed.”

“Do you consider the indemnity sufficient?”

“Too much. And I come to offer your highness half my net profit of thirty-six thousand francs.”

“Nonsense!” said the Bey. “Have you forgotten that I promised you Turkish justice?”

“I perfectly remember.”

“Well, Turkish justice is done gratis.”

“*Tron de l’air!*” cried the captain; “in France a judge would not have been contented with half; he would have taken at least three quarters.”

“You mistake,” said the Bey; “he would have taken the whole.”

“Aha!” exclaimed the captain, “I see you know France as well as I do.”

And once more he went down into the ~~dagt~~ to kiss the Bey’s papooshes, but the Bey gave him his hand. The captain returned to his ship, and a quarter of an hour later he left the African coast under a press of sail. He feared lest the Bey might change his mind.

Their brief experience of the nightcap convinced the Tunisian Jews of its superiority to the yellow caps and black turbans with which they were wont to cover their infidel heads; and upon the death of the Bey they obtained permission from his successor to adopt the cotton covering, whose wear previously entailed decapitation. Such, at least, is the explanation given by the ingenious M. Dumas, of the naturalization of Paris nightcaps on the Barbary coast.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A SERMON.

BY ME.

“AND David said unto Ahimelech the priest; the king hath commanded me a business, and hath said unto me; let no man know anything of the business wherewith I send thee, and I have appointed my servants to such, and such a place. 1. Sam. xxi. 2.”

Human nature has ever been prone to reverence pomp and worldly distinctions, and it is not so much what we think of character, as what others think, that regulates our conduct towards our fellows; and of this truth, the son of Jesse was fully aware. In disgrace with his master, and a price set upon his head; he fled for safety “whithersoever he could go,” and faint, weary, and disheartened, came into the city of Nob, the dwelling place of the priests, and presented himself before Ahimelech. Whatever may have been the motive of the royal fugitive, in directing his wanderings to the priestly residence, the historian has not thought fit to inform us. Whether from the nature of their holy office he expected shelter and protection from his powerful foe; or lured thither by the hope of the “feast of fat things,” with which he knew the tithes abundantly supplied that city, it matters not. Certain it is however, that when Ahimelech saw

him, defenceless and alone, unattended with so much as a single servant; soiled with travel, and faint from hunger, he was afraid! and said unto him, "why art thou alone, and no man with thee?" As the son-in-law of the king, and a slayer of "his ten thousands, it was not strange that Ahimelech should express surprise at seeing the man whom royalty so late had "delighted to honor," without display or retinue, enter their quiet abode. The first that probably suggested itself to his mind, was that their extermination was to follow in the wake of the wizards and witches, whom Saul had banished from the land; while with the instinct peculiar only to fear, David undoubtedly read in the countenance of the priest, how little favor he might expect if he confessed the truth; for even in those days as now, the priesthood were a "peculiar people," in more than one sense of the word. Cautiously therefore concealing his perilous situation; with apparent fearlessness he replied, that he was on an embassy for the king; deputed to transact some important business that required the strictest secrecy, that he dare not even trust his route to the scrutinizing eyes of his servants, whom he had appointed to different places to await his coming; and such was his great haste, that he tarried not to arm himself with so much as a sword for the urgent expedition! Then, instead of humbly *craving* a morsel of food; he *demand*ed, "now therefore what is under thy hand? Give me five loaves of bread in my hand, or what there is present." Deceived by the confident assurance of David, and anxious to honor whom nobility approved, the poor priest at once produced the hallowed bread, kept exclusively for the palate of himself and his order, and unhesitatingly presented it to his distinguished guest! Emboldened by such unlooked for success, David next demanded a sword, and again the priest, as if proud to gratify the imperious call, responded to the demand, by giving up the sword of Goliath, which had doubtless been deposited there for preservation as a national relic. It is not here my province or design, to follow David in his weary journey or hair breadth escapes; my purpose is to show that the favor of the great, is a surer passport to public commendation, than honest integrity, or conscientious merit. Had David appeared within the walls of that most holy city, in his true but dangerous situation, the victim of an envious king, against whom the royal javelin was fiercely pointed, methinks he had not feasted from such hallowed rations, or girt himself with the Philistine's sword; instead of finding the kind and generous quartermaster, he would more likely have found himself in quarters that he could not master, and delivered over to the caprice of a tyrant monarch. But 'tis not necessary longer to dwell on olden records for argument to prove what we every day see illustrated.—Go where we will, we find wealth, show, and assurance courted and caressed, while unassuming merit is coldly "passed by on the other side." Not only civil, but religious society has its favorites, who arrogantly usurp the "chief seats in the synagogues," and leave the humble poor to seek as best they may, a seat in that most christian congregation, or stay away, as it may suit their feelings or convenience. No wonder then that the all absorbing love of gold increases to so fearful an extent—no wonder that mankind are leaving home and its endearments, braving a hostile clime, and risking health, life, and morals in pursuit of what

constitutes on earth, the almost "one thing needful." Men naturally desire attention and respect, and since wealth and glare lead more surely to their attainment, than a virtuous life or a meek deportment, it is not "passing strange" that men are found, willing to sacrifice the one for the enjoyment of the other; and inasmuch as they "cannot serve God and Mammon," would rather enlist in the service of what they every day see valued, than espouse a cause, which looks only to the future for approbation and reward.

MISCELLANY.

NATIONS, FREE, ONLY WHEN THEY DESERVE IT.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.—That nation cannot be free, where reform is a common hack, that is dismissed with a kick the moment it has brought the rider to his place. That nation cannot be free, where parties are but different roads, leading to one common destination, plunder. That nation cannot be free, where the rulers will not feel for the people, until they are obliged to feel with the people, and then it is too late.—That nation cannot be free, that is bought by its own consent, and sold against it; where the rogue that is in rags is kept in countenance by the rogue that is in ruffles, and where, from high to low, from the lord to the lackey, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing contemptible but poverty; when both patriot and placeman, perceiving that money can do every thing, are prepared to do every thing for money. That nation cannot be free where religion is, with the higher orders, a matter of indifference; with the middle, of acquiescence; and with the lower, of fanaticism. That nation cannot be free, where the leprosy of selfishness sticks to it as close as the curse of Elisha to his servant Gehazi: where the rulers ask not what recommends a man, but who; and where those who want a rogue, have no occasion to make, but to choose. I hope there is no nation like this under heaven; but if there were, these are the things that, however great she might be, would keep such a nation from liberty, and liberty from her. These are the things that would force upon such a nation—first, a government of expedients, secondly, of difficulties; and lastly, of danger. Such a nation could begin to feel, only by fearing all that she deserved, and finish by suffering all that she feared.

DEVIL AND TRUSTEES.

HE that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal, and has a double-edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter. Some fancy that they make all matters right by cheating their relations, and leaving all their ill-gotten wealth to some public institution. I have heard a story of his satanic majesty, that he was one day sitting on his throne of state, with some of his prime ministers attending him, when a certain imp, just arrived from his mission to this nether world, appeared before him. "Sirrah," said he, "you have been

long absent from us: what news from above?" "I have been attending, and please your majesty, the deathbed of a miser, and I have put it into his head to leave all his immense wealth to charitable institutions." "Indeed," said the sable monarch, "and call you this attending to my interest? I am afraid we shall lose him." "Fear not," said the imp, "for he has made no *restitutions*, and has also many starving relatives; but if we were so unlucky, we are sure, after all, to be gainers, for I also instilled it into his mind to appoint *twelve trustees*, and your majesty may safely reckon upon every soul of them to a man.

RICHES, SELDOM GOT BY FOOLS.

It is a common observation that any fool can get money; but they are not wise that think so. The fact is, that men apparently dull do get money, and yet they have no reason to thank their dullness for their wealth. They appear to be stupid on every thing unconnected with their object, money, because they have concentrated all their powers to this particular purpose. But they are wise in their *generation*, as those who have any dealings with them will find out. Like moles, they are considered blind by common observers, although, in the formation of their little *yellow* heaps, both are sufficiently sharp-sighted, and have better eyes, for their own low and grovelling purposes, than those bystanders, who suspect that they have none.

GOVERNMENTS GIVE NATIONAL CHARACTER, NOT CLIMATES.

THAT modes of government have much more to do with the formation of national character, than soils, suns and climates, is sufficiently evident from the present state of Greece and Rome compared with the ancient. Give these nations back their former governments, and all their national energies would return, and enable them to accommodate themselves to any conceivable change of climate; but no conceivable change of climate would enable them to recover their former energies. In fact, so powerful are all the causes that are connected with changes in their governments, that they have sometimes made whole nations alter as suddenly and as capriciously as individuals. The Romans laid down their liberties at the feet of Nero who would not even lend them to Cesar; and we have lately seen the whole French nation rush as one man, from the very extremes of loyalty, to behold the mildest monarch that ever ruled them; and conclude a sanguinary career of plunder, by pardoning and renewing a tyrant, to whom their blood was but water, and their groans but wind; thus they sacrificed one, a martyr to his clemency, and they rewarded another, who lives to boast of his murders.

HESITATION, A WEAKNESS.

HESITATION is a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action, about which we hesitate, are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam, with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very *minute*, even although there should be *life* in one scale, and *death* in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkely, that he was suddenly awakened at

night in his carriage by a highwayman, who forcing a pistol through the window and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a *single* highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship putting his hand into his pocket, replied: "Neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket, instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

PORTIONLESS TRUTH.

If a man be sincerely wedded to truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it: for this is a union that must survive not only death, but time, the conqueror of death. The adorer of truth, therefore, is above all present things—firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery; he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them; derided as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more *crooked* than a ram's horn, although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

WAR, A LOSING GAME.

WAR is a game in which princes seldom win, the people never. To be *defended*, is almost as great an evil as to be attacked; and the peasant has often found the shield of a protector, no less oppressive than the sword of an invader. Wars of opinion, as they have been the most destructive, are also the most disgraceful of conflicts; being appeals from right to might, and from argument to artillery; the fomenters of them have considered the *raw material*, man, to have been formed for no worthier purposes than to fill up gazettes at home with their names, and ditches abroad with their bodies. Let us hope that true philosophy, the joint offspring of a religion that is pure, and of a reason that is enlightened, will gradually prepare a better order of things, when mankind will no longer be insulted, by seeing bad pens mended by good swords, and weak heads exalted by strong hands.

HABIT.

HABIT will reconcile us to every thing but change and even to change, if it recur not too quickly.—Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice house, as well as an oven, and freezes his devils at one period, but bakes them at another. The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw

him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "*bed of thorns*," and remarked that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

LORD KING.

He rose from obscurity to high distinction by native energy and self-reliance, without courting the favor of any patron, or of the multitude, and without ever incurring the suspicion of a dishonorable or mean action. If he did not dazzle by brilliant qualities, he gained universal good-will by such as were estimable and amiable. He himself unostentatiously ascribed his success in life to his love of labor, and he took for his motto, "*Labor ipse voluptas*,"—upon which we find in the *Biographia Britannica*, the following paraphrase by one of his admirers:—

"Tis not the splendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
Nor all the pompous strains of state,
With crowds that at your levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But whilst mankind you strive to bless
With all the talents you possess.
Whilst the chief joy that you receive,
Arises from the joy you give,
Duty and taste in you unite
To make the heavy burden light,
For pleasure rightly understood,
Is only labor to be good."

SWEARING.

WE have often spoken a word against this sin. But can we say too much when our ears are daily saluted with profane oaths and vulgar words?—Who can pass our street and not hear language that makes the virtuous blush? Our youth and children are growing up exceedingly depraved.—What must be done? Grown up men must be on their guard, and not set a pernicious example before children. How many men you hear talking aloud in our streets, who have not pride and principle enough about them to keep from words of profanity. Men must first reform, before we can hope to do much with the youth.—We trust this word of caution may not be in vain. When you would be profane, remember who hears you. A child, perhaps, who is forming his character by your own.—*Portland Tribune*.

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE in a superior, is very often nothing more than the refusal of some unreasonable request; and if the patron does too little, it is not unfrequently because the dependant expects too much. A certain pope, who had been raised from an obscure situation, to the apostolic chair, was immediately waited upon by a deputation sent from a small district, in which he had formerly officiated as *cure*. It seems that he had promised the inhabitants that he would do something for them, if it should ever be in his power; and some of them now appeared before him, to remind him of his promise, and also to request that he would fulfil it by granting them *two harvests in every year*! He acceded to this *modest* request on condition that they should go home immediately, and so adjust the almanac of their own particular dis-

trict, as to make every year of their register consist of twenty-four calendar months.

PROPAGATION OF THOUGHT.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on the earth, shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling once communicated to another mind, is gone; it is beyond recall; it bore the stamp of virtue; it is blessing man, and owned by Heaven;—its character was evil; vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to-day, owes its form, its species, and its tint, to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped.

NEGLECTING THE ANTECEDENT.

SOME very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses, when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case, the prosecutor swore, "The prisoner struck him with a broom on his *head* till he broke the *top of it*." Narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a *cart aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning, "He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot and put it in." Another swallowing a base coin—"He snatched the half crown from the *boy which he swallowed*"—which seems to mean the boy, not the money, but still the sentence is correct. An old fellow who many years sold combustible matches in Bishopsgate, had the following cry; "Buy a pennyworth of matches, of a *poor old man made of foreign wood*."

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.

THERE is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish.—The poor boy of yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his vision, houseless, shoeless and breadless; compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor, and the means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man of to-day, by the power of his good right arm, and the potent influence of his pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty and what the world calls disgrace stared him in the face, he shuddered not, but pressed onward and exulted most in high and great exertion, in the midst of accumulating disasters and calamities. Let this young man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race.

WELL TURNED.

A DISCUSSION lately arose at a dinner, upon the basis of the right of suffrage, when the following colloquy took place.

"I do not think," said one of the party, "that all men should indiscriminately be permitted to vote. There must be some restriction; and if you tear away all barriers, you may as well extend the privileges still further, and admit women to the polls."

"Women!" quickly responded a spirited lady, on the opposite side of the table, "and why should women not vote? Do you mean to say we are inferior to the other sex?"

"By no means, madam. The ladies, I admit, have their intellectual powers as vivid, and as well cultivated as those who have assumed the title of 'Lords of Creation,' but then I like to see them in their proper sphere."

"Their proper sphere! And pray, sir, permit me to ask, what do you deem their proper sphere?"

"Why, madam, the sphere of woman is—a—it is a celestial sphere."

THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American revolution, an officer not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferation of "heave away! there she goes! heave ho!" &c. The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the pomp of an Emperor, said, "Sir, I am a Corporal." "You are not though, are you?" said the officer, "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal. Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, "when you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."—The Corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

THERE are many good-natured fellows, who have paid the forfeit of their lives to their love of bantering and raillery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it too dear. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often extolled, yet it has at last been extinguished for ever; and by a foe, perhaps, who has neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee. I have heard of a man in the province of Bengal, who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger. His skill gained him great eclat, and ensured him much diversion; at length he narrowly escaped with his life; he then relinquished the sport, with this observation: "Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us." Again, this skill in small wit, like skill in small arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment, for even cowards have their fighting days, or we may mistake the proper man. A certain Savoyard got his

livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear; he gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practise some of them on the bear; he was dreadfully lacerated, and on being rescued with great difficulty from the gripe of Bruin, he exclaimed: "What a fool was I not to distinguish between a monkey and a bear! A bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of personage, and as you plainly see, does not understand a joke!"

KING PHILIP.

To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others and how little to ourselves. Philip having made himself master of Potidea, received three messengers in one day; the first brought him an account of a great victory gained over the Illyrians by his general Parmenio; the second told him that he was proclaimed victor at the Olympic games; and the third informed him of the birth of Alexander.—There was nothing in all these events, that ought to have fed the vanity, or that would have justified the pride of Philip, since, as an elegant writer remarks, "for the first he was indebted to his general; for the second to his horse; and his wife is shrewdly suspected of having helped him to the third."

A SERIOUS DOUBT.

It is a serious doubt, whether a wise man ought to accept of a thousand years of life, even provided that those three important advantages of health, youth, and riches, could be securely guaranteed unto him. But this is an offer that can never be refused, for it will never be made. Taking things as they really are, it must be confessed that life, after forty, is an anti-climax, gradual indeed, and progressive with some, but steep and rapid with others. It would be well if old age diminished our perceptibilities to pain, in the same proportion that it does our sensibilities to pleasure; and if life has been termed a feast, those favoured few are the most fortunate guests, who are not compelled to sit at the table, when they can no longer partake of the banquet. The misfortune is that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body; and worse still when the body survives the mind; but, when both these survive our spirits, our hopes, and our health, this is worst of all.

WHERE IS YOUR HAT.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. —, Jack?" "Ees sur." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked well, but he's blind." "Blind, what do you mean?" "Why, when I wor in the room, he axed me where my hat was, and it wor on my head all the while."

SELFISHNESS.

WHAT a worm at the root of all true happiness is selfishness! A selfish man, like the dog in the manger, is neither happy himself, nor does he suffer others to be. While by appropriating every thing to himself, he deprives all around him of the sources of enjoyment, and his feverish anxiety to possess fills his own heart with wretchedness. A noble soul finds pleasure in making others happy, and in

enriching them he is made rich himself. Selfishness is the great bane to human happiness, and is the principal thing which the Christian religion is designed to destroy from the human heart. Man should live for man.

HUMBUG.

EVERYBODY, perhaps, is not acquainted with the etymology of the word Humbug. It is a corruption of *Hamburgh*, and originated in the following manner:—During a period when war prevailed on the continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at *Hamburgh*, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "you had that from *Hamburgh*," and thus, "that is *Hamburgh*," or "*Humbug*," became a common expression of incredulity.

MEN pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth, is at least as common as wealth without independence.

THE greatest difficulty in pulpit eloquence, is to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves; some preachers reverse the thing;—they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

PEACE AND AGRICULTURE.—If we wish to be second to none in respect to agriculture, we must wish also to be second to none in our love for peace; for it is only in peace that agriculture can flourish.

THE martyrs to vice, far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

FOR one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

THIS world cannot explain its own difficulties, without the assistance of another.

THE death of Judas, is as strong a confirmation of Christianity, as the life of Paul.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. East Lansing, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Mass. \$0.75.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. Windsor Bowker of Hinsdale, N. H. to Miss Emeline F. Rose, of this city.

In the Roman Catholic Church in this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Howard, Mr. William Spence to Miss Catherine Eikens.

In Marcellus, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Levi Parsons, Mr. Sylvester Smith to Miss Lydia Duncan; Mr. Sereno Smith to Miss Cathia Duncan, and Mr. Charles Duncan to Miss Emma Smith, all of that place.

DEATHS.

In New York, on the 23d inst. Thomas S. Slocum, in 76th year, formerly a resident of this city.

Of congestion of the brain, on the 7th inst. John Nichols, youngest son of John and Margaret Clow, aged 1 year and 11 months.

In Franklin, Kane Co. Illinois, on the 11th inst. George Henry, infant son of Milton and Paulina Thornton.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES,

Written during a fall of snow.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

SEE the flakes of snow descending,
Downward through the chilling air,
See the trees and bushes bending,
'Neath the snowy wreaths so fair!
O'er the mountains, hills and dales,
Winter throws her mantle white;
Crested garlands deck the vales,
Glowing like some diamond bright.

Oh I've gazed on such a scene,
In my childhood's sportive hour;
Fancied many a fairy queen,
Seated in her sylvan bower.
While I gazed—all passed away—
Castles and groves, and garlands fair;
Those benighted wreaths of snow which lay
In mystic forms, dissolved in air.

And thus in life's maturer hours,
I've looked on those I loved too well;
Formed in my mind Elysian bowers,
And placed them there in bliss to dwell.
But like the snowy landscape, brief,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
Friend after friend, like autumn's leaf,
Tremble and drop, and pass away!

Yes, pass forever from my sight,
And naught remains but memory's power;
Faithful, she brings the vision bright,
And hallows oft a lonely hour.
Their shadowy forms flit o'er my mind,
Whispering, they softly seem to say,
In accents melting, sweet and kind,
"Dear sister rise and haste away.

To heaven, where changes never come,
Where groves of bliss forever bloom,
Where friends shall meet, in home, sweet home,
And fear no more the insatiate tomb.

Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y. 1850.

For the Rural Repository.

THOUGHTS ON THE PARTING OF TWO FRIENDS

THREE years ago two strangers met,
'Twas at a country inn,
Both anxious in the bloom of youth,
Life's business to begin.

One far from home and kindred dear,
Alone life's path had trod
Near one score years, nor had he known
Care or affliction's rod.

Kind friends he left to seek a home,
Far off in sunny climes;
Where fortunes luring glittering dome,
Oft to the stranger shines.

His comrade was a Boy whose brow,
Bespoke a youthful joy;
Life's busy scenes seemed to him now,
As trifling as a toy.

He fain would leave his mother's roof,
To share the strangers lot;
And trust him for the same behoof,
As home that much loved spot.

Few days rolled on again they met,
To join in life's career;
That moment never to forget,
While they may sojourn here.

For soon the dawn of friendship's day,
Dispelled the strangers' maze,
Each banished doubts and fears away,
Upon his friend to gaze.

And happy were the hours that passed,
While three whole years rolled on;
Their minds with busy scenes were tasked,
From morn till setting sun.

Like all in life a change came o'er,
The spirit of their dreams;
And saddened hopes which seemed to soar
Around in glittering beams.

They dreaded much the parting word,
Those looks which volumes speak;
Which none but true friends ever heard,
Which vanquish strong and weak.

Ne'er once again those eyes may meet,
Beneath these sunny climes;
Their valued friend with joy to greet,
As oft in by-gone times.

For far away to distant lands,
The eldier stranger sped;
The youth by fortunes fickle hand,
Now in suspense is led.

Yet though they meet no more below,
And are by tempests driven;
When death shall call, O! may they go,
To part no more in heaven. LORENZO.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And amongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
he sigh'd:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts be-
low.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one an-
other.

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the
air;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which alway seem'd
the same:

She thought, the count my lover is brave as brave can
be;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of
me;

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love, great glory shall be
mine.

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then looked at him
and smiled;

He bow'd and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.

"By God!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat.

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like
that."

BOUND VOLUMES.

We now offer to the Public, at the lowest possible reduced prices, any of the following Volumes, viz: Vols 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, and 25, handsomely done up in Pamphlet style, with Cloth Backs, and thick Colored Paper sides; one side printed with Title Page, the other with beautiful Engravings. These will be furnished for 62½ Cents single, Eleven Copies for \$5.00. They will last nearly as long as those bound, and as they are trimmed a size larger it will not injure them for future binding.

Also the same Volumes half bound, in a very neat and tasteful style, with Leather Backs and Colored Paper sides, with Printed Title Page, &c. for 75 Cents single, or Nine Copies for \$5.00.

Also the same Volumes half bound, in a neat, substantial and durable manner, with Leather Backs and Corners, Marble Paper sides and Lettered on the Back, for \$1.00 single, or Seven Copies for \$5.00.

The Postage on the Stitched Volumes, will be about 16 Cents; the Half Bound, 18½ Cents to any part of the United States.

We have also on hand any of the Volumes above mentioned bound in Double Volumes (two Vols. in one) for \$2.00 single or Three Double Volumes for \$4.50. These are bound in the neatest and most substantial manner. Postage about 40 Cts. each to any part of the United States.

New Volume, October, 1849.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 26, Commencing Oct. 13, 1849,

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1 Clubs from 45 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature, containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Valuable Recipes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-sixth Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 13th of October, 1849.

The "Repository" circulates among the most intelligent families of our country and is hailed as a welcome visitor, by all that have favored us with their patronage. It has stood the test of more than a quarter of a century; amid the many changes that have taken place and the ups and downs of life, whilst hundreds of a similar character have perished, our humble Rural has continued on, from year to year, until it is the Oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, containing twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 206 pages. It will also be embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, *invariably in advance*. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th and 25th volumes, and any one sending for the 26th volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes as they wish at the same rate as that volume. All volumes not mentioned above will not be sold, except when a whole set is wanted.

Clubs! Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!!

2 Copies for \$1.50, being 75 Cents Each.

3 do. \$2.00, do. 66 do.

5 do. \$3.00, do. 60 do.

8 do. \$4.00, do. 50 do.

11 do. \$5.00, do. 46 do.

22 do. \$10.00, do. 45 do.

33 do. \$15.00, do. 45 do.

44 do. \$20.00, do. 45 do.

55 do. \$25.00, do. 45 do.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.
Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1849.

NOTICE TO AGENTS, &c.

The present Post Office Law, will probably prevent our sending a Large Prospectus as heretofore, in consequence of the extra expense; but the matter contained in one, and all the necessary information concerning Clubs, etc. can be ascertained from the above. We respectfully solicit all our subscribers to endeavour to get up a Club in their vicinity for the next Volume.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice and receive Subscriptions.